

# ***Readings Booklet***

***January 2000***



***English 30***

***Part B: Reading***

***Grade 12 Diploma Examination***

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**January 2000**  
**English 30**  
**Part B: Reading**  
**Readings Booklet**  
**Grade 12 Diploma Examination**

***Description***

**Part B: Reading** contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

**Time:** This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to complete the examination.

Budget your time carefully.

***Instructions***

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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**I. Questions 1 to 8 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.**

**MAN, BYTES, DOG**

*This essay was published in the New Yorker magazine in 1984.*

Many people have asked me about the Cairn Terrier. How about memory, they want to know. Is it I.B.M.-compatible? Why didn't I get the I.B.M. itself, or a Kaypro, Compaq, or Macintosh? I think the best way to answer these questions is to look at the Macintosh and the Cairn head on. I almost did buy the Macintosh.

- 5 It has terrific graphics, good word-processing capabilities, and the mouse. But in the end I decided on the Cairn, and I think I made the right decision.

Let's start out with the basics:

**MACINTOSH:**

- 10 Weight (without printer): 20 lbs.  
Memory (RAM): 128K  
Price (with printer): \$3,090

**CAIRN TERRIER:**

- 15 Weight (without printer): 14 lbs.  
Memory (RAM): Some  
Price (without printer): \$250

Just on the basis of price and weight, the choice is obvious. Another plus is that the Cairn Terrier comes in one unit. No printer is necessary, or useful. And—this was a big attraction to me—there is no user's manual.

- 20 Here are some of the other qualities I found put the Cairn out ahead of the Macintosh:

- 25 **PORTABILITY:** To give you a better idea of size, Toto in "The Wizard of Oz" was a Cairn Terrier. So you can see that if the young Judy Garland<sup>1</sup> was able to carry Toto around in that little picnic basket, you will have no trouble at all moving your Cairn from place to place. For short trips it will move under its own power. The Macintosh will not.

**RELIABILITY:** In five to ten years, I am sure, the Macintosh will be superseded by a new model, like the Delicious or the Granny Smith. The Cairn

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Judy Garland—the actress who played the part of Dorothy, the young girl, in the movie *The Wizard of Oz*. Toto was Dorothy's dog.



30 Terrier, on the other hand, has held its share of the market with only minor modifications for hundreds of years. In the short term, Cairns seldom need servicing, apart from shots and the odd worming, and most function without interruption during electrical storms.

COMPATIBILITY: Cairn Terriers get along with everyone. And for communications with any other dog, of any breed, within a radius of three miles, no additional hardware is necessary. All dogs share a common operating system.

35 SOFTWARE: The Cairn will run three standard programs, SIT, COME, and NO, and whatever else you create. It is true that, being microcanine, the Cairn is limited here, but it does load the programs instantaneously. No disk drives. No tapes.

40 Admittedly, these are peripheral advantages. The real comparison has to be on the basis of capabilities. What can the Macintosh and the Cairn do? Let's start on Macintosh's turf—income-tax preparation, recipe storage, graphics, and astrophysics problems:

		Taxes	Recipes	Graphics	Astrophysics
	Macintosh	yes	yes	yes	yes
45	Cairn	no	no	no	no

At first glance it looks bad for the Cairn. But it's important to look beneath the surface with this kind of chart. If you yourself are leaning toward the Macintosh, ask yourself these questions: Do you want to do your own income taxes? Do you want to type all your recipes into a computer? In your graph, what  
50 would you put on the  $x$  axis? The  $y$  axis? Do you have any astrophysics problems you want solved?

Then consider the Cairn's specialties: playing fetch and tug-of-war, licking your face, and chasing foxes out of rock cairns (eponymously).<sup>2</sup> Note that no software is necessary. All these functions are part of the operating system:

		Fetch	Tug-of-War	Face	Foxes
	Cairn	yes	yes	yes	yes
55	Macintosh	no	no	no	no

*Continued*

<sup>2</sup>eponymously—having given one's name to something else

Another point to keep in mind is that computers, even the Macintosh, only do what you tell them to do. Cairns perform their functions all on their own. Here  
60 are some of the additional capabilities that I discovered once I got the Cairn home and housebroken:

WORD PROCESSING: Remarkably, the Cairn seems to understand every word I say. He has a nice way of pricking up his ears at words like “out” or “ball.” He also has highly tuned voice-recognition.

65 EDUCATION: The Cairn provides children with hands-on experience at an early age, contributing to social interaction, crawling ability, and language skills. At age one, my daughter could say “Sit,” “Come,” and “No.”

CLEANING: This function was a pleasant surprise. But of course cleaning up around the cave is one of the reasons dogs were developed in the first place.  
70 Users with young (below age two) children will still find this function useful. The Cairn Terrier cleans the floor, spoons, bib, and baby, and has an unerring ability to distinguish strained peas from ears, nose, and fingers.

PSYCHOTHERAPY: Here the Cairn really shines. And remember, therapy is something that computers have tried. There is a program that makes the  
75 computer ask you questions when you tell it your problems. You say, “I’m afraid of foxes.” The computer says, “You’re afraid of foxes?”

The Cairn won’t give you that kind of echo. Like Freudian analysts, Cairns are mercifully silent; unlike Freudians, they are infinitely sympathetic. I’ve found that the Cairn will share, in a nonjudgmental fashion, disappointments, joys, and  
80 frustrations. And you don’t have to know BASIC.<sup>3</sup>

The last capability is related to the Cairn’s strongest point, which was the final deciding factor in my decision against the Macintosh—user-friendliness. On this criterion, there is simply no comparison. The Cairn Terrier is the essence of user-friendliness. It has fur, it doesn’t flicker when you look at it, and it wags  
85 its tail.

*James Gorman*  
An American journalist  
and a regular contributor to the *New Yorker*

<sup>3</sup>BASIC—a simplified language for programming a computer



**II. Questions 9 to 17 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.**

**from THE IMAGINARY INVALID**

CHARACTERS:

MONSIEUR ARGAN—a hypochondriac

MONSIEUR BÉRALDE—Argan's brother

DR. PURGON

THE APOTHECARY—(one who prepares, sells, and sometimes administers drugs and medicines)

*This comedy of manners—a comedy satirizing the attitudes and behaviour of a particular social group—was written in 17<sup>th</sup> century France.*

MONSIEUR ARGAN *depends on* DOCTOR PURGON *and his* APOTHECARY *to minister to his hypochondria, or imaginary ailments. A marriage has been arranged between PURGON's nephew and ARGAN's daughter, Angelica. BÉRALDE is visiting his brother.*

APOTHECARY (*advancing into the room with a flourish of the syringe*):<sup>1</sup> Now, monsieur—if you please.

ARGAN: Yes, yes. I'll be ready in a moment. Dear brother, I'm afraid I must ask you to retire.

5 BÉRALDE: To retire?

ARGAN: That's what I said—to leave us alone.

BÉRALDE: But I haven't said half what I came to say.

ARGAN: Most unfortunate! Some other time.

BÉRALDE: Some other time will be too late.

10 ARGAN: What d'you mean "too late"?

BÉRALDE: I came to talk about my niece's marriage—which now I gather is to take place tomorrow.

ARGAN: Quite right. Tomorrow. It's all settled. So there's nothing to be said.

15 BÉRALDE (*this time, although very angry, he does not lose his temper, but seems to choose his words with purpose*): I see how it is. You're behaving so disgracefully . . .

ARGAN (*outraged*): Can I believe my ears?

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>*syringe*—in this case, a device of exaggerated size, to be used to inject cleansing or purging enemas into the patient's rectum



- BÉRALDE: I doubt it—you're hard of hearing. So let me repeat: you're behaving so disgracefully; with such utter selfishness; with such wanton, unnatural, unfatherly cruelty, that you dare not even talk about it.
- 20 ARGAN: Dare not?
- BÉRALDE: That's what I said. It's not your *hearing* that you've lost—dear brother—but your *conscience*!
- ARGAN: Insufferable! You don't know what you're talking about.
- 25 BÉRALDE: How can you say that, when you won't even listen to me?
- ARGAN: In front of the apothecary? Have you no family feeling?
- BÉRALDE: Ask him to go.
- (*At which the APOTHECARY seems suddenly to become inflated.*)
- APOTHECARY: Sir!
- 30 BÉRALDE: Send him away.
- APOTHECARY (*to BÉRALDE*): *I beg your pardon?*
- BÉRALDE: Granted! (*To ARGAN.*) Put off this absurd treatment. Have it this evening, or tomorrow morning.
- APOTHECARY: I take that very much amiss.
- 35 BÉRALDE: You can take it how you will.
- APOTHECARY (*to ARGAN*): I don't know who this gentleman is.
- ARGAN: My brother.
- APOTHECARY: I'm sorry to hear it. (*To BÉRALDE.*) Sir, I'm a busy man; I can't afford to waste my time like this.
- 40 BÉRALDE: Surely you're paid for it.
- APOTHECARY: That's not the point.
- BÉRALDE: I should have thought it was. (*To ARGAN.*) Well, brother, am I right? Are you too utterly ashamed of what you're doing to hear me out.
- ARGAN: Of course I'm not.
- 45 BÉRALDE: Then prove it to me—or show yourself a coward—as well as a heartless parent.
- ARGAN (*to the APOTHECARY*): Good Master Apothecary. You hear. Some other time—at your convenience. In an hour; or half an hour. When you will. Or in a few minutes. I shall be here.
- 50 (*The APOTHECARY stalks to the door with incredible disapproval, and turns.*)
- APOTHECARY: I dare not think what Dr. Purgon will have to say to this.
- ARGAN (*appalled*): Dr. Purgon! But how should he know?
- APOTHECARY: He's at your front door.
- ARGAN: At my front door?

*Continued*

55 **APOTHECARY:** Sitting in his carriage. He drove me here, and said he'd wait for me. If I know Dr. Purgon—and I do—you will hear more of this. Good day.

*(The APOTHECARY, and his great<sup>2</sup> syringe, exit.)*

**ARGAN** *(in a dreadful state)*: What have I done? What have you made me do?

**BÉRALDE:** Postpone what I should imagine a most unsavoury experience.

60 **ARGAN:** But you heard the apothecary! What if Dr. Purgon should be angry.

**BÉRALDE:** Why should he be? And indeed, what if he is? You've only put off one of his incessant treatments for an hour. He'll add something to his bill—and drive away, apothecary, syringe and all, to plague some other credulous idiot. Now. About Angelica . . .

65 *(The APOTHECARY makes a triumphant but menacing reappearance.)*

**APOTHECARY:** Dr. Purgon wishes a word with you.

*(DR. PURGON comes buzzing and hissing into the room, like some very angry wasp. He wears a tall hat and gown.)*

**DR. PURGON:** Here's a nice state of affairs!

70 **ARGAN** *(petrified)*: Ah—good Dr. Purgon . . .

**DR. PURGON:** Don't "Dr. Purgon" me! Never, in all my professional life, have I been so insulted.

**ARGAN:** Oh, no . . .

**DR. PURGON:** To have one of my remedies refused.

75 **ARGAN:** Refused! No. No—postponed.

**DR. PURGON:** If anything, that's *worse!* With my medicines, *when* they are taken is even more important than what they *are*.

**ARGAN** *(in great penitence)*: I was very wrong. My brother persuaded me.

**DR. PURGON:** Your brother is not my patient. He is no concern of mine.

80 **BÉRALDE:** Fortunately for me.

**DR. PURGON** *(darting at BÉRALDE, and peering close into his face)*: Don't be too sure! You're sickening for something. *(He turns again on ARGAN.)* No, Monsieur Argan—it's *you* who are to blame.

**ARGAN:** Yes. Very much to blame. And I'm so sorry.

85 **DR. PURGON:** And well you may be. It was a Special and Most Extraordinary Mixture—never before administered to any living thing. One of my

*Continued*

<sup>2</sup> *great*—enormous



inspirations. It came to me, in one of the long watches of the night, and I arose—and prepared it for you, with my own hands.

**ARGAN** (*despairing*): Oh!

90 **DR. PURGON**: You may well groan. Every separate ingredient was to have had its own effect, upon your every ailment. It was to have cleansed your whole system—at *one squirt*.

**ARGAN**: One squirt?

95 **DR. PURGON**: *One squirt*. I sent in my apothecary at the appointed moment, and he returned to me—the syringe unemptied, my miracle of healing unperformed—balked of his errand of mercy. And that constitutes not only a mortal insult to me personally, but to the whole Medical Faculty. You have destroyed, at one stroke, a sacred obligation—the unquestioning obedience of a patient to his physician. That is rebellion. The revolt of Ignorance against  
100 Authority. And in Medicine, as in Society, such behaviour must bring chaos and disaster. It cannot be tolerated. It must be nipped in the bud. And here and now. At once. And without mercy. You’ve brought this on yourself. *I’ve done with you*. And so, believe me, when they hear of this, have all my Fellows.

105 **ARGAN** (*with a cry of horror*): Oh, *no*!

**DR. PURGON**: I wash my hands of you. And leave you to your fate. Which—I may tell you—I don’t envy you. In a short while from now, probably in a matter of hours, you will fall into a state of A-Pepsia. From that to U-Pepsia. From U-Pepsia to Mee-Pepsia. Then Drypsi-Pepsia. And from that in a  
110 condition of Bray-co-philía-Pepsia.<sup>3</sup> And when the dread poison of that spreads into your every organ—as it must; then you will die—and *horribly*.

(**ARGAN collapses**.)

(*He strides to the door and turns*) One thing more . . .

**ARGAN**: No more! You’ve killed me! Isn’t that enough?

115 **DR. PURGON** (*taking a document from his pocket*): And so that this parting should be absolutely final, here is the Deed of Gift I made in favour of my nephew for his approaching marriage to your daughter. (*He tears it into pieces, and throws them on the floor*.) So this is farewell! I have nothing to leave you, but my pity.

120 (DR. PURGON *exits*. The APOTHECARY *follows him off*.)

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>A-Pepsia . . . Bray-co-philía-Pepsia—Dr. Purgon’s inventive play on the word dyspepsia or indigestion

ARGAN: Merciful heaven! I'm done for! That's the end—I'm dying.

BÉRALDE: Brother, don't be a fool.

ARGAN: All those Pepsias—they're coming on already. I feel terrible.

125 BÉRALDE: Ridiculous! Now, listen: old Purgon's threats have as much chance of  
killing, as his medicines have of curing you. Now's your chance to rid  
yourself of doctors—once and for all.

ARGAN: No, no, no. I *must* have a doctor to look after me.

BÉRALDE: Don't be ridiculous! (*Then suddenly, remembering.*) No. What am I  
saying? I was forgetting . . .

130 ARGAN: Eh?

BÉRALDE: *Of course you must have a doctor.*

ARGAN: Why? Am I looking ill?

BÉRALDE: Terrible!

ARGAN: Aaah!

135 BÉRALDE: You must have a new one—who must find some new, and drastic,  
remedies for you; and not waste a moment of time.

ARGAN (*hopelessly*): Where can we find one? They stick together, like the  
leeches that they are. There's not a doctor dare offend old Purgon. No. I'm  
finished.

*Molière*

(Jean Baptiste Poquelin, 1622–1673)

A French actor and playwright whose works  
were usually farces and comedies of manners



**III. Questions 18 to 25 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a speech.**

**from PEACE AS AN ONGOING ISSUE**

*This excerpt is from a speech delivered in June 1994 to a conference sponsored by the Voice of Women. Founded in 1960, the Voice of Women has worked locally, nationally, and internationally on issues related to peace, social justice, human rights, and development.*

Peace is not the absence of war: peace is the absence of fear, peace is the presence of justice. Peace, in fact, is a consequence. As it was defined in 1936 by R.B. Gregg, peace is “a bi-product of the persistent application of social truth and justice, and the strong and intelligent application of love; the price of peace is the price of justice.”

Justice allows a condition in which there is freedom from fear—be it the fear of war and the military, the fear of oppression (economic or political, cultural or sexual), the fear of not knowing where there would be meaningful work for oneself or for one’s children, or the fear of not knowing where there would be a public sphere in which the issues of peace and justice would have priority over the issues of profit.

Why is it so difficult in this day and age to work effectively for peace? Often we don’t realize that the problems all of us must address today are the problems of trying to deal with the legacy of the Cold War as well as those of many hot wars. This legacy constitutes the landscape—the political, the economic, and the emotional landscape—in which we have to work.

Because of the legacy of the past, the world today is full of weapons—and more are added continually. There is still a strong weapons development and weapons trade going on internationally, and the world remains full of easily available weapons.

Because of the legacy of the Cold War, because of this preoccupation with weapons, the world is full of unresolved problems. It is easy to forget that, for decades, the priorities of the Cold War and of a militarized world have allowed governments to postpone responding to the rightful demands of their citizens and not to do a great number of things that, in fact, are the obligations of government. What we face now is the legacy of things undone, tasks not tackled for decades—a pretty awful mortgage for the world to carry. These are the mortgages of social policies, of missed opportunities, particularly for women: missed openings in access to daycare, to education, to training, to jobs, and to taking part in public life on terms that are appropriate for women.

*Continued*

And, of course, there are also the unresolved problems of sustainable development, of a healthy environment, of dealing with the toxic legacies of arms production. It is also necessary to remember the pressing questions *not* asked and explored, the research not done, the money not made available to pursue essential explorations of alternative medicine, of alternate technologies, of different ways of arranging our lives together.

We have yet another legacy to contend with: the lack of non-military perspectives in public discourse and in public policy. For decades everyone focused on winning and this perspective still prevails, having been transposed from territorial wars to trade activities. Nevertheless, many of us know that winning can be one of the least constructive and somewhat pointless activities in life.

To focus life on winning is a losing proposition. Not only are there, in most situations, far more losers than winners, but to consider “winning” a measure of quality and worth is quite inappropriate. The perspective on winning is essentially a fighting, or military, perspective; unfortunately—again due to the Cold War mindset—this perspective has taken over public life and public discourse in a very destructive manner.

When I said that winning is a losing proposition, I did not intend to speak against either being very good at something or putting one’s heart and soul into the pursuit of a worthwhile endeavour. But there is a difference between success and achievement.

Achievement is always built on the cooperation of a group of people. One achieves with and through the assistance of others. People learn from one another. They begin to shine when there is support, when there is teaching, learning, and understanding. Achievement is always obtained with people, by people, and through people. Success, on the other hand, depends more frequently upon the absence of more competent, more aggressive, or better known competitors.

Drawing attention to the lack of non-military perspectives in public life that is manifest in the emphasis on winning leads us to realize that the world has forgotten, in many of its quarters, that, as people, we need each other’s help desperately. That is why it is so unhelpful to look at everything, on the local or on the global scene, in terms of a conflict model; after all, there are other models. But after 40 years of looking at society only through the glasses of conflict, other perspectives don’t come to mind easily. It seems self-evident to cast every problem in a conflict mode, as if somebody obviously has to win and, by the same token, somebody has to lose.

The absence of non-conflict models from public discourse is a bitter Cold War legacy that we need to correct. We need to re-introduce other models of

*Continued*



social and political process: cooperative models (that all of us use daily on the micro-scale), eco-stress models, models that illustrate the interweaving of global issues in order to emphasize their common roots, and the coping models that women have learned from history and nature. We need to ask each other: “How  
75 can we cope? Where is the best knowledge? Where is the needed support?”

The world’s lack of experience with cooperative models of conflict resolution shows itself in the difficulties of international negotiations. Many political leaders are like people who have not run around the block for decades and now have to do it; everything aches and they limp and cannot get up to speed.

80 I would like to turn to the question of working for peace in this environment. What must we do and how might we do it? We need peace for the tasks of healing people and healing the earth.

Let us remember first, how we got where we are and second, that the means by which we got here are not acceptable means, not only because we believe they  
85 are wrong but because they do not work—they are dysfunctional. We do not wish to continue the present mess and we know there are other ways of dealing with problems—cooperative, respectful, and interactive ways. Women have always known and have usually used cooperative means. Hierarchy, patriarchy, and running things from the top down are out; such approaches have outlived their  
90 usefulness.

It is essential to transcend the present, imperial approach to world problems—which will never bring justice and peace—and come to a cooperative, tolerant, confederated model. We can do it and we will do it.

*Dr. Ursula Franklin*

A Canadian lecturer, educator, and pacifist, Dr. Franklin is an experimental physicist, a Professor Emeritus at the University of Toronto, and a Companion of the Order of Canada.

IV. Questions 26 to 35 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

MEN ROOFING

- Bright burnished day, they are laying fresh roof down  
On Chicago Hall. Tight cylinders of tarred felt paper  
Lean on one another on the cracked black shingles  
That shroud those undulant ridges. Two squat drums  
5 Of tar mix catch the light; a fat cannister of gas  
Gleams between a wreath-heap of old tires and a paunchy  
Plastic sack, beer-bottle green. Harvest-moon-huge  
On the roof, a TV dish antenna stands propped, cocked  
To passing satellites and steadfast stars. The gutters  
10 Overflow with starlings, lit wings and whistling throats  
Going like crazy. A plume of blue smoke feathers up  
Out of a pitch-black cauldron, making the air fragrant  
And medicinal, as my childhood was, with tar. A quartet  
Of men at work stirs through this still-life. Overhead,  
15 Against the gentian<sup>1</sup> sky, a sudden first flock whirls  
Of amber leaves and saffron, quick as breath and fine  
As origami<sup>2</sup> birds. Watching from a library window opposite,  
I see one man in a string vest glance up at the exalted  
Leaves, then kneel to roll a roll of tar felt flat; another  
20 Tilts a drum of tar mix till a slow bolt of black silk  
Oozes, spreads. One points a silver hose and conjures  
From its nozzle a fretted, trembling orange tongue  
Of fire. The last one dips to the wrist in the green sack  
And scatters two brimming fistfuls of limestone grit;  
25 Broadcast, the bright grain dazzles on black. They pause,  
Straighten, study one another—a segment done. I can see  
The way the red-bearded one in the string vest grins and  
Whets his two stained palms along his jeans; I can see  
The one who cast the grit walk to the roof edge, look over,  
30 Then, with a little lilt of the head, spit contemplatively  
Down. What a sight between earth and air they are,  
Drenched in sweat and sunlight, relaxed masters for a moment  
Of all our elements! Here is my image, given, of the world

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>gentian—bright blue, like the gentian flower

<sup>2</sup>origami—a traditional Japanese art of folding paper to form figures of animals, birds, flowers etc.



At peace: men roofing, taking pains to keep the weather  
35 Out, simmering in ripe Indian-summer<sup>3</sup> light, winter  
On their deadline minds. Momently they stand balanced  
Between our common ground and nobody's sky, then move  
Again to their appointed tasks and stations, like amazing  
Strangers come to visit for a short spell our familiar  
40 Shifty climate of blown leaves and birdspin. Odorous,  
Their column of lazuli<sup>4</sup> smoke loops up from the incense-  
Secret heart of their mystery. They ply. They intercede.

*Eamon Grennan*

An Irish poet born in Dublin now living in the United States

<sup>3</sup>Indian-summer—a warm summer-like period before winter begins

<sup>4</sup>lazuli—the colour of lapis lazuli, a deep blue semi-precious stone used since ancient times for ornamental purposes

**V. Questions 36 to 47 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.**

**from The History of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I, scene iii**

**CHARACTERS:**

ULYSSES—Greek Commander

NESTOR—Greek Commander

AGAMEMNON—the Greek General

*The Greek commanders ULYSSES, NESTOR, and DIOMEDES, with their general, AGAMEMNON and his brother, MENELAUS, are meeting in the Grecian camp outside the city of Troy. The commanders are unhappy with the progress of the war against the Trojans, which resulted when Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, stole Helen, the wife of Menelaus, for himself. After seven years of holding the city of Troy at siege, the Greeks have yet to achieve victory. AGAMEMNON has just asked ULYSSES to speak to the council.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, with others. . . .*

ULYSSES: Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
And the great Hector's<sup>1</sup> sword had lacked a master,  
But for these instances.  
5 The specialty of rule<sup>2</sup> hath been neglected;  
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  
When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,<sup>3</sup>  
10 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,<sup>4</sup>  
Th' unworhiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre  
Observe degree, priority, and place,

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Hector—heroic Trojan warrior and prince

<sup>2</sup>specialty of rule—particular rights of supreme authority

<sup>3</sup>repair—go to

<sup>4</sup>Degree being vizarded—the hierarchy of authority being hidden (as the vizor of a knight's helmet hides his face)

15        Insisture,<sup>5</sup> course, proportion, season, form,  
           Office, and custom, in all line of order.  
           And therefore is the glorious planet Sol<sup>6</sup>  
           In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
           Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye  
           Corrects the influence<sup>7</sup> of evil planets,  
 20        And posts,<sup>8</sup> like the commandment of a king,  
           Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets  
           In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
           What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny  
           What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,  
 25        Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,  
           Divert and crack, rend and deracinate<sup>9</sup>  
           The unity and married calm of states  
           Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shaken,  
           Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
 30        The enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
           Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
           Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
           The primogenity<sup>10</sup> and due of birth,  
           Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
 35        But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
           Take but degree away, untune that string,  
           And hark what discord follows. Each thing meets  
           In mere oppugnancy.<sup>11</sup> The bounded waters  
           Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores  
 40        And make a sop of all this solid globe;  
           Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
           And the rude son should strike his father dead;  
           Force should be right, or rather right and wrong,  
           Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
 45        Should lose their names, and so should justice too;  
           Then everything include itself in power,

*Continued*

<sup>5</sup>Insisture—regularity of position

<sup>6</sup>Sol—the sun

<sup>7</sup>influence—astrological effect

<sup>8</sup>posts—holds a specific position, oversees

<sup>9</sup>deracinate—uproot

<sup>10</sup>primogenity—the right of the eldest son to succeed

<sup>11</sup>mere oppugnancy—total strife



Power into will, will into appetite,  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 50 Must make perforce an universal prey  
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking.  
 And this neglection of degree it is  
 55 That by a pace goes backward with a purpose  
 It hath to climb. The general's disdained  
 By him one step below, he by the next,  
 That next by him beneath; so every step,  
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick  
 60 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

65 NESTOR: Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered  
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

AGAMEMNON: The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
 What is the remedy?

ULYSSES: The great Achilles,<sup>12</sup> whom opinion crowns  
 70 The sinew and the forehand of our host,  
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
 Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus<sup>13</sup>  
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
 75 Breaks scurril jests,  
 And with ridiculous and silly action  
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)  
 He pageants<sup>14</sup> us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
 Thy topless deputation<sup>15</sup> he puts on

*Continued*

<sup>12</sup> Achilles—high profile Greek commander who kept a concubine in his tent during the Trojan war

<sup>13</sup> Patroclus—Greek commander

<sup>14</sup> pageants—acts out, mocks

<sup>15</sup> topless deputation—supreme authority

80 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,  
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
 85 He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,  
 'Tis like a chime a-mending, with terms unsquared,  
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon<sup>16</sup> dropped,  
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
 The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,  
 90 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,  
 Cries, "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon right.  
 Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
 As he being drest to some oration."  
 That's done, as near as the extremest ends  
 95 Of parallels, as like as Vulcan<sup>17</sup> and his wife,  
 Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!  
 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
 Arming to answer in a night alarm."  
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
 100 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,  
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,<sup>18</sup>  
 Shake in and out the rivet; and at this sport  
 Sir Valor dies; cries, "O! enough, Patroclus,  
 Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all  
 105 In pleasure of my spleen!" And in this fashion  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
 Severals and generals of grace exact,  
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
 Excitements to the field or speech for truce,  
 110 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

**NESTOR:** And in the imitation of these twain,  
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
 With an imperial voice, many are infect.

*Continued*

<sup>16</sup>Typhon—a monster with serpents' heads and a tremendous voice

<sup>17</sup>Vulcan—Roman deity of fire and blacksmithing, always depicted as lame and sooty. Vulcan's wife, the beautiful Venus, was unfaithful to him.

<sup>18</sup>gorget—throat armor

115 Ajax<sup>19</sup> is grown self-willed, and bears his head  
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
 Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,<sup>20</sup>  
 120 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 How rank<sup>21</sup> soever rounded in with danger.

ULYSSES: They tax our policy and call it cowardice,  
 125 Count wisdom as no member of the war,  
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
 But that of hand. The still and mental parts  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike  
 When fitness call them on, and know by measure  
 130 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight—  
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.  
 They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet-war;  
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
 For the great swinge<sup>22</sup> and rudeness of his poise,  
 135 They place before his hand that made the engine,  
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
 By reason guide his execution.

*William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

<sup>19</sup>Ajax—Greek commander

<sup>20</sup>Thersites—a foul-mouthed Greek

<sup>21</sup>rank—densely, abundantly

<sup>22</sup>swinge—impetus



**VI. Questions 48 to 56 in your Questions Booklet are based on this story.**

**IN HER EYES**

I love to listen to my grandmother, pregnant with my father, play Chopin<sup>1</sup> on the piano in the sod cabin on the hot, treeless prairie a mile or two across the river from the badlands and the dinosaur bones.

5 I love the coolness of the sod house, the sound of the piano's notes as they resonate through the dry air, pierce the surface of the mud walls where they'll stay, captive, until the mud returns to dust and nothing remains of the cabin but a barely visible depression, a faint footprint in the prairie earth.

10 I love the aura of pregnancy and the visions of fertility in my grandmother's eyes. I love the smile, so contented I can only think she is imagining food as she sits in the rocking chair, her belly contained by her hands.

Where she came from, Wisconsin, there were trees; and she tells me of trees when the others are not around. The others are her brothers and my grandfather. If this were Wisconsin, she says, the four sod houses—one for us, the others for each of the brothers—would be tall wooden houses set amongst trees that would  
15 be even taller than the houses, that would tower above them. As it is, we have settled in a sea of short grass. Here the wind tries to pull the grass from the earth, to lift it and make it tall, but the wind is forever defeated. The grass only bends, stoops, each blade a dry old man in an infinite field. The wind cannot make the grass tall.

20 All that is tall here, besides willows in the folds of the river valley, besides the wolf willows in the valley's feminine hollows, besides the few human beings and the horses, are the antelope and the deer. These, my grandmother tells me, will allow us to survive the winter: the meat of the antelope and deer and, almost as important, the sight of their herds in the early morning snow. But I know it  
25 will take more than food and more than the sight of herds around us for her to survive the nights of the winter to come. It will take her piano. It will take my grandfather's stories. It will take me to talk to when the others are away.

She notices the dust from the horses' hooves and lowers the lid of the piano. The horses are nearly here, coming quickly now that home is in sight. They must  
30 have had a successful hunt; I feel it, I feel her feel it. I hope they have but for reasons of my own: my grandfather will be busy with the meat and I will have more time alone with her.

My grandfather is a talker. He was on his own so early in life he had to become a talker, to get jobs, meals, help when he needed it. He is a story teller,

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Chopin—[shō-păn] music by the composer and pianist Frédéric Chopin (1810–49)

35 a bit of a con man, something of an entertainer. He ran away from his boarding school in Boston at the age of eight. For fifteen years he drifted west until he met my grandmother in Wisconsin. He could barely read. She had just become the first woman to graduate from her university. That was 1900.

40 She could play the piano; he could sing in a natural tenor all the songs of the day. She brought to the marriage education, a painter's eye, a piano properly played. She brought a certain intellectual pedantry and an etching by Georges Felix Garen of a painting by Corot. In its heavy gilded frame, the etching hangs in dusky light above the piano. It was the gift of a cousin, a member of the Metropolitan Opera in a New York that glittered and tempted her. It was a gift to  
45 a woman who in her long life will paint hundreds of pictures of cool streams overhung with vegetation, clouds blue with rain, surreal forests, huge flowers in grass so green it would be matched only by artists thousands of miles away, famous artists of whom she will never be aware.

Most of all my grandmother brought to her marriage imagination. One  
50 afternoon in the shade of a big wooden house in Wisconsin, she imagined my father and that night, the night of her wedding, she became pregnant with him. The next night she imagined a journey and the day after that my grandfather proposed that they move west and north for the free lands of Canada. She imagined the sounds of Chopin among Indians and bears.

55 My grandfather knows where the images came from: he charmed them into her head with his songs. He slipped them into the stories he told her. He charmed her so completely, and her family as well, that her brothers came along to the dry western lands. Soon my grandmother's parents and her father's parents will follow, the memory of my grandfather's stories resonating in them all.

60 No one imagines it but I know that one day a graveyard overgrown with prairie grass and with a cairn<sup>2</sup> as tall as a pronghorn—a graveyard lost and forgotten by everyone in the world except the child now in her womb—will be searched for and found and that my grandmother's son, her grandchildren and great great grandchildren, her grandfather's great great and great great great  
65 grandchildren, will stand in the wind and the grass by their graves and not quite be able to conjure them, not quite succeed in urging them from the earth beneath the grass and the tiny cacti. Perhaps they will fail because no one will have inherited in sufficient measure my grandfather's ability to charm. Least of all will they be able to conjure the oldest of them all, that ghost of a man, that great great  
70 great grandfather of my grandmother's great grandchildren who lived far too long ago and left no trace but a headstone, a field stone, a glacial stone with now incomprehensible markings chipped into its side. That one left no photograph, no video of his life or of his smile, of his eyes moving to encompass the horizon, to

*Continued*

<sup>2</sup>cairn—a heap of stones raised as a memorial

75 catch whatever on it caught his eye. As we stand beneath the relentless sun  
some will imagine music, a somber hymn for the long, long dead; others see  
only a stone at their feet, feel only the wind in their hair. Some will wonder  
what of themselves is buried there.

They eat without talking now, tiredness having at last overcome my  
grandfather. My grandmother's thoughts rest on him. In their own sod shelters,  
80 each of the brothers eats alone. In this odd community, in this dream at an end  
of the earth, in this space conjured by my grandfather and claimed by them all,  
silence reigns beneath grass-covered roofs.

It took them six hours to find the herd today, nine hours to ride back with  
the animal dragged behind each horse in turn. My grandfather does not ride  
85 well. He suffers as he rides. Though he stole a horse at the age of eight and  
rode for fifteen years, he does not like horses. In a few years he will have the  
first car the local Blackfoot will see. He will take them for rides across roadless  
prairie and tell them stories while together they bounce in the wind. From then  
on there will be no more threat of starvation for my grandparents and the child  
90 who is my father and the retinue<sup>3</sup> from Wisconsin, newly arrived to take their  
places in the brothers' homes. From then on there will be rabbit and partridge,  
deer meat and prairie chicken left at the door.

Soon my grandfather will go to sleep. The coal oil lamp is turned so low  
that only the corner farthest from the bed is lit. My grandmother will sit for  
95 hours in the rocking chair, too large, too pregnant to be comfortable in the bed.

She sits there now. She says kind words to my grandfather who has  
washed in the basin for the second time since coming home with the animal  
with the beautiful head, with eyes that even dead are beautiful and soft, with the  
short, straight horns that will be made into rattles for my father to use to begin  
100 his own conquest of the world.

My grandmother maintains, to her brothers, to the neighbours so far away  
and so seldom seen, that my grandfather smiled when he first saw the prairie.  
She says he smiled all the hundreds of miles they crossed on their way here and  
that he hasn't stopped smiling since. She says God has turned the tables on him,  
105 charmed the charmer, fascinated him with the uncanny light, the space, the  
beauty of a land too large and too mysterious to ever be fully known. As I look  
at him now, asleep already, the smile is there.

A bit of light hits the golden frame of the etching. I wish she would play  
Chopin now. I wish the music would not wake him but only enter his dreams as  
110 a palace in a far off land. I wish the music would conjure images of his  
ancestors dancing in that palace in that far off land. I wish the notes of that

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>retinue—group of attendants or followers



music and the laughter and songs of his ancestors would lodge in the cool mud walls. But I suspect there is nothing in his dreams but space and an animal, the eyes of that animal, the beautiful face of the animal that gives life to the man who  
115 dreams him, to his wife and the unborn son, that allows the lives of the people pulling up in cars and campers to a graveyard overgrown by prairie grass and cacti.

I give my own thanks to that animal. My life, too, is his.

I sit on my grandmother's knees, lean against the belly where my father  
120 sleeps. In the summer breeze beside the big white house in Wisconsin, a bench swing moves. There is an empty bed in a room with blue, patterned wallpaper. On the wallpaper, at a spot two feet above the floor, covering the patterned flowers, is a child's drawing of a tree. The tree is lush and tall.

In my grandmother's mind a child rides a slow horse through New York City.  
125 In my grandmother's mind a child rides from her womb to the end of the world.

In my grandmother's mind I ride the horse back to her.

In my grandmother's mind a tree grows lush and tall in the prairie wind.

In my grandmother's mind golden flowers bloom.

130 My grandmother dreams that the white of the snow is lace for the robe of a child just born.

*Wade Bell*

Born and raised in Edmonton, Wade Bell spent large parts of his life in Ontario and Spain, and now lives in Calgary. He is the author of *The North Saskatchewan River Book* and *The House of the Americans*.

**VII. Questions 57 to 63 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a novel.**

**from THE WATCH THAT ENDS THE NIGHT**

I don't know how a man can describe his wife to somebody else unless he dislikes her—there is nothing like dislike to make a character appear vivid—but the very things in a woman that make a man love her escape language. Women seem able to recognize with perfect candor the flaws in the men they love. Men  
5 lack this ability. And besides I had known Catherine so long and in so many circumstances that I could describe half a dozen entirely different women and they would all be her to me.

Now in the living room with a glass of whisky in my hand, feeling the coldness of the glass and the warmth of whisky along my veins, I watched  
10 Catherine and Sally preparing the table for supper. How lucky I had been, I thought, to have lived with two women like these. They were quiet with each other as they always were when doing something together about the house. They were unusually close for mother and daughter. Yet they were so different it was hard to believe they were even related.

15 Sally was rush-straight, quick and impetuous, with crisp, blonde curled hair and she looked at ease in her undergraduate's sweater and tweed skirt. Catherine had never looked well in tweeds or woollens. Now in a limegreen housecoat she appeared slow and deliberate, her movements adagio. Her hair had once been sable with a suggestion of lightness of weight, or airiness, and it was still mostly  
20 sable despite the suggestion of silver-steel which now was beginning to show. She was shorter than her daughter. She had a small waist and a classically formed figure almost but not quite plump, and the sweep of her shoulders was so bold it made me think of the clarity of a Picasso-line. Her face was heart-shaped, large gray eyes and sensitive mouth. If you could think of a queen as small you could  
25 think of Catherine as queen-like.

During her life she had seemed many things to many people. As a girl lonely, shy, and reserved, but this had been because she had suffered so much sickness as a girl. In her early twenties gay, reckless, and to some almost desperate in her eagerness to live and enjoy. Then as a young wife fulfilled and quiet, with a  
30 sparkling sense of humor and a wonderful capacity for making friends. But now when people thought of Catherine—this I knew—they thought of her as tragic because of the condition of her heart. Though she looked no older than her age, they thought of her as old because they knew—at least her friends did—that her time was limited.

*Continued*

35 She was also an artist, and had become so first out of loneliness and now  
because art was her chief hold on a world she loved and saw slipping away. She  
had come late to painting and had much to learn. She believed—I knew this—that  
if she could live long enough she would leave behind her some pictures the world  
would value. This Catherine was ambitious. This Catherine was also strangely  
40 solitary in her core and—I dare say this now—there were days when she seemed  
totally to exclude me because of this communion she had established with color  
and form. Yes, she was also ruthless. All artists are.

And finally there was the Catherine which had never died, the little girl who  
came out in her wistful smile, the little girl who had been alone and longed to be  
45 appreciated. Alone, and as a little girl knowing it, with her fate.

Her fate was that rheumatic heart of hers. Her strength, her essence, her  
mystery in which occasionally I had almost drowned—this I can only call her  
spirit, and I don't use the word in the sentimental sense. Far from it. For to me  
this has become the ultimate reality, so much so that I think of this story not as  
50 one conditioned by character as the dramatists understand it, but by the spirit. A  
conflict, if you like, between the spirit and the human condition.

Some people have within themselves a room so small that only a minuscule  
amount of the mysterious thing we call the spirit can find a home in them. Others  
have so much that what the world calls their characters explodes from the  
55 pressure. I think of it as a force. I have recognized—and I am no mystic—an  
immense amount of this spiritual force in people whose characters, judged by the  
things they do, are bad. In others who are blameless I have found hardly any.  
Probably I will never be able to know what its real nature is; all I do know is that I  
know it is there. Call it the Life-Force if you prefer the modern term; call it  
60 anything you like. But whatever it is, this thing refuses to be bounded,  
circumscribed or even judged. It creates, it destroys, it re-creates. Without it  
there can be no life; with much of it no easy life. It seems to me the sole force  
which equals the merciless fate which binds a human being to his mortality.

Catherine had more of this mysterious thing than anyone I ever knew with  
65 one exception, and the exception was Jerome Martell. Is this another way of  
saying that she was not easy to live with? Or is it another way of saying that it  
was so impossible for me to imagine myself living without her that—without  
realizing I did so—I sometimes dreaded her because of my dependence on her?

Yet I loved her. She was my rock, she was my salvation, but I also loved her  
70 for herself. When she moved like a queen I was proud. When she smiled like a  
little girl I melted.

Have I described Catherine? I don't think so. Probably I have only described  
myself.

*Hugh MacLennan (1907–1990)*

A novelist, essayist, and teacher who influenced  
Canadian literature by writing about Canadian topics and places



**Questions 64 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.**

## FAMILY LINES

I pick from the table your letter, arrived this morning.  
With hands veined like yours I turn over the envelope,  
stationery I bought you one Christmas.

5 I hear your voice in my head as I read, understanding perfectly

when you say this  
it means you've been ill

when you say that  
it means you're depressed it means you feel  
10 alone.

As I grow older your features settle on my face;  
my body dissolves into family lines. There are ancestors  
shaping me now whom no one remembers, whom my mouth, my knees,  
my oddly-shaped ankles recollect on their own.

15 These the long dead pattern me, are used as explanations  
for characteristics no one living wants to claim.  
They are answer and excuse for family ills; they lie  
unacknowledged beneath the surface of conversations  
that are only current variations

20 of family obsessions. We are a marked species  
shouldering a weight we don't recognize.

Rhona McAdam

Born in 1957 in Duncan, British Columbia, Rhona McAdam grew up on Vancouver Island, lived for 12 years in Alberta, and currently resides in London, England. Her books include *Hour of the Pearl*—the source for this poem—and *Old Habits*, 1993.

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# *English 30: Part B*

## *January 2000*

